HORSE-FLESH

FOR

The Obſervator:

BEING A

COMMENT

UPON

Guſman, ch. 4. v. 5.

Held forth at

SAM's COFFEE-HOUSE.

By *T.D.* B.D. Chaplain to the *Inferiour Clergies Guide.*

——Tenet inſanabile multos
Scribendi Cacoethes, & ægro in corde ſeneſcit.

LONDON, Printed for *R. Read*, 1682.

Horſe-Fleſh

FOR THE

OBSERVATOR.

GUSMAN, Chap. 4. Ver. 5.

And this is the Reaſon why ye ſhall not believe Him, for that he made Braſs Screws to an Antipendium.

My Beloved,

YOU are not to be angry or diſpleaſed to ſee me read every Word of this my Diſcourſe, it being a fine, eaſie, lazy way, that we have not long ſince brought into faſhion, to ſave the labour of Conning. Mankind is by Nature generally addicted to Idleneſs: So that the greateſt part of the Worlds Inhabitants, that complain of the Shortneſs of Life, hardly know what to do with the third part of their Time. This is that which fills the Taverns, Ale-houſes, and Coffee-houſes; and this is that Feneant and Scorbutick Humour that has infected Us, that we had rather loiter away our time over Tea, or Turkiſh

Liquor, than trouble our Studies, or exerciſe our Patiences, to get our Sermons without-book. We had rather feed the People with Homilies, compos'd of a few *raptim* Expreſſions, as haſtily committed to Writing, than loſe the ſweet and charming Society of our Admired GUIDE. O That Man, my Beloved, That Man, That Man! He is the Man; *Ho Anthropos.* I'le tell you, my Beloved, I have a Project in my Head; and if it don't take, 'tis your fault: If you will chuſe me to be your Parſon, I will undertake to read to you one of *This Man*'s *Obſervators* every *Sunday*, and Expound upon it. Never fear it, my Beloved, he has and will write enow to ſerve Us as long as we live: to tell you the Truth, he ſquitters *Obſervators*. There you ſhall hear the rareſt Things!——Things, my Beloved!——Such Things that put my Invention to a ſtand for Expreſſion to blazon their indelible Character. For, Do you admire Flaſh and Fury, as I well know you do? There you ſhall have it. Do you admire the moſt confounded Impertinence that was ever made publick to the World? There you ſhall have it. Would you know how to Govern the State? There you may find out the Knack. Would you underſtand how to Govern the Church? There's your Director and *Guide*. Moreover, my Beloved, there you ſhall find great Diſcoveries, monſtrous Diſcoveries, Diſcloſures, almoſt paſt belief, of deep Secrets, profound Myſteries, the hidden *Arcana* of *Screws* and *Antipendiums*. *Screws* and *Antipendiums! Jeſu Maria*, you'll ſay! What are thoſe? Why, my Beloved, they are *Screws* and *Antipendiums*. The *Egyptian Hieroglyphicks*, or the *Cabala* of the *Hebrews* never contain'd ſuch abſtruſe, cloſe, obſcure Significations as are wrapp'd up in thoſe Words. And thus, according to cuſtom, I am coming, with much ado, to the Point. And a notable Point it is; a Point not to be ſpurn'd, as the Boys do; but a Point of Reaſon, a Point of Reaſon not to be queſtion'd, a Point of Reaſon not to be doubted, a laſting Point, a faſhionable Point; All the *Point Venize*'s and *Point Lorrains* i' th' World are nothing to this Point. Well then, but what is this Point? Why the Point is this: *And this is the Reaſon why ye ſhall not believe him.* What is the Reaſon? Why this is the Reaſon; not a Womans Reaſon, *Becauſe ye ſhall not believe him*; but, *Becauſe he made Braſs Screws to an*

Antipendium.

Antipendium. Not becauſe he exceeded *Judas* in Treachery, *Julian the Apoſtate* in Irreligion, *Tiberius* in Diſſimulation, and *Belzebub* himſelf for Lying; but, O moſt Celeſtial Reaſon, never heard of before! *Becauſe he made Braſs Screws to the Antipendium.*

So then, my Beloved, here are two things i' my Text; A Man that is not to be believed, and the Reaſon why. *Ye ſhall not believe him*; there's the Advice or Admonition: Then follows the Reaſon in Order, *For that he made Braſs Screws to an Antipendium.* Thus ye find the Perſon in the Word *Him*: for do but decline the Word, and ye have him preſently; as for Example, *Nominativo*, He; *Genitivo*, Of Him; *Dativo*, To Him; *Accuſativo*, HIM. There he is, proper in the Accuſative Caſe: For this *Him* is *accus'd* to be that *He* that made the *Braſs Screws.* Shall I open the Words more particularly? Come on then. —— *Ye*, that is, all ye that admire *The Man*, *Ton Anthropon*; Ye that believe that all he writes is other than the meer *Rhottement des Chiens*, or *Dogs-brabling*; other than the Impertinent Flaſhes of Fury and Revenge, or elſe the Grateful Acknowledgments of Tavern-Adoration, while he bleſſes himſelf to be the aged *Thamuz* of two or three Red-twiſted Clubs; *All ye*, I ſay, *ſhall not*, no not for your Ears, that is, as you tender the loſs of his Favour, which is not worth a Straw; as you tender the Laſhes of his Pen, that are not worth a Ruſh; All Ye, I ſay, *ſhall not believe*, that is, Ye ſhall give no more credit, than a *Roman Catholick* would to a *Heretick*, tho he ſpeak never ſo true, tho he has been already believed by his Prince and Chief Counſellors; yet ye ſhall give no credit to *Him*, that is, to that Perſon, whoever he be, that ſwears he has ſeen the *Obſervator* at *Maſs* in the *Queens Chappel:* for this Nettles him to the Quick; a Neſt of Gad-bees is not more terrible at *Midſummer* to a gall'd Horſes Back. It makes him yerk, and kick, and fling, and low and bellow like *Jupiter*'s Miſtreſs in the ſhape of a Heifer, with *Juno*'s amorous Itch in her Tail. Now theſe are the Effects of touching the Copyhold of our Admired *Guide:* but wo worth him that touch'd it; for the Law of the *Meads* and *Perſians* is gone forth, *Ye ſhall not believe Him.*

But

But notwithſtanding this ſevere Edict, you'll ſay, Why may not we believe him if we pleaſe? He diſcover'd the Murder of Sir *Edmondbury Godfrey*, and was believed. He was alſo farther believ'd, notwithſtanding the Addreſs of *Thomſon*'s Managers, and the great Lifts your *ador'd Conductor* gave them, to the Shame and Ignominy of thoſe that ſought to blemiſh his Reputation. Why then ſhall not we believe him? Oh! my Beloved, there is a Reaſon for that, ſuch a Reaſon as all the *Sorbonne* Doctors could not have ſtudied a better. Our *Conductor* is a Perſon that has a Head not ſo big perhaps as an Elephant; but had he had the Brains of an Elephant, a Camel, a Whale, and the *Ethiopian Hippopotamos*, all united together in one Scull, he could not have found out a more notable piece of ſubſtantial Reaſon, than he has done with that leſſer *Pericranium* of his, *Becauſe He made certain Braſs Screws for an Antipendium.*

Now, my Beloved, to make you underſtand theſe Words aright, I muſt go a prepoſterous way to work, in regard I muſt ſet the Cart before the Horſe, by a certain *Greek* Figure called *Hyſteron Proteron*; that is, I muſt tell ye what an *Antipendium* is, what the *Braſs Screws* are, then *who made them*, and upon *what account*. I muſt confeſs, Our Conductor has made more noiſe in the World with theſe *Screws*, than ever *Vulcan* and all his *Cyclops* made at the framing of *Achilles*'s Armour: Come into *S*——'s Coffee-houſe, there was nothing but a confus'd noiſe of *Braſs* and *Screws*, and *Screws*, and *Braſs Screws*.

Antra Ætnæa tonant, ſtriduntque Cavernis
Strictura Chalybum———

You would have ſworn you had been in the Halting Deity's Work-houſe, with his Journey-men *Brontes* and *Steropes*, and *Brawny Pyracmon*. And what was all this for, but to prove that there was a Reaſon why the certain *He was not to be believed*? So that whatever was the proper Uſe of the *Screws*, Our ſo admired Guide intended them for another Uſe, which was, to have trepann'd the ſoft Noddles of the Vulgar into a belief of his fabulous Contrivance.

But

But now leaving the *Screws* a while, let us return to the *Antependium*, alias *Antependulum*, corruptly *Antipendium*, which derives its Being from two Latin Words, *Ante*, Before; and *Pendere*, To hang: And these two Words copulating together, have produced a kind of Mongrel Monstrosity, called *Antependulum*, or *Antependium*, vulgarly *Antipendium*, that is to say, *Something hanging before*. Now there are so many things that hang before, that I am afraid we shall be a great while upon the scent, before we find out this proper *Antipendium*, for so we will henceforth call it, for brevities sake. We find, in the Learned *Petronius Arbiter*, that there are some Men that carry your *Antipendiums* in their Breeches. These are, as the same Author says, your *Lumborum solutorum viri*, the Impotent and the aged. A sort of People generally contemn'd by the Female Sex, and therefore most commonly Cornuted; that is to say, because they have onely *Antipendiums* in their Breeches, they are forced to carry *Antestandiums* in their Foreheads. Of these *Antipendiums* *Juvenal* gives ye an Account in these Words;

Et quamvis tota palpetur nocte jacebit:

And therefore (saith *Petronius*) the Persons who are so unfortunate, are *In Capricorno Erumnosi, quibus pra mala sua (sorte) Cornua nascuntur.*

For this Reason I shall cease to speak any more of these sort of *Antipendiums*. Onely, my Beloved, I shall give you this advice, That you keep your *Antipendiums* out of harms way. There are some Persons (a thing too common now a-days) who are very careless of their *Antipendiums*: And what becomes of 'em then? Why, many times they lose their *Antipendiums*, for want of *Brass Screws*, that is to say, firm, sound, lasting *Screws*, not such rotten, foul, infected *Screws* as they made use of. Therefore, say I, keep your *Antipendiums* out of harms way.

There are another sort of *Antipendiums*, so called because they *hang before* all the World. Of this kind was that same *Crucified Thief* that was stoln by night from the *Roman Soldier*; but the Cross was presently supplied again by the chast and vertuous *Ephesian Matron*, with the Corps of her five-days-deplored Husband.

band. *Malo mortuum* (quoth the chaſte Matron) *impendere, quam vivum occidere.* The Soldier (ſaith the Text) *nec deformis nec infacundus Juvenis caſtæ videbatur*, was neither deformed nor unpleaſing Society to the Chaſt Matron. And then again, her Maid, the Companion of her Complaints, (hoping to come in for a Share, as ſhe did) came over her with an irreſiſtible piece of Perſwaſion,——*Placito ne etiam pugnabis Amori?* And ſo the good Lady yielded at laſt, for the ſake of the Soldiers *Antipendium*, to ſurrender the long-bewailed, dear, dead Corps of her Husband, to be an *Antipendium* among Rogues and Thieves, rather than the Kind Soldier, that had prolongued her days, ſhould ſuffer. In the ſame manner you ſhall obſerve ſeveral *Antipendiums* of this nature, upon the Roads of *England*: particularly three between *Iſlington* and *Hatfield*, who may be alſo called *Antipendiums* in time, becauſe they were hang'd before them that were hang'd after 'em. Thus *Staley* was an *Antipendium* to *Coleman*, *Coleman* an *Antipendium* to *Grove* and *Pickering*. Then you might have beheld three more *Antipendiums*, *Hill*, *Green*, and *Berry*, who were *Antipendiums* in reſpect of *Whitebread* and his Brethren. And laſtly, *Thompſon* and *Farwell* were another ſort of *Antipendiums* to *Weſtminſter-Hall*.

Well, my Beloved, 'tis pity that Man was not made as *Momus* would have had him made, that is, with Windows in his Breaſt: For I am perſwaded, could you ſee into our *dear Conductor*'s Heart, you would there diſcover a moſt violent Antipathy againſt the Perſon *Him* in my Text, and a whole Roſarie of earneſt Wiſhes, that he might live to ſee *Him* made an *Antipendium* among the reſt; nay, you might ſee another Reſult of his Mind, that he would not ſpare for the Expences of half a dozen Half-ſheets Salarie, for a pair of excellent *Preſs Screws*, to faſten *Him* to the Gibet. And I give this Reaſon for what I ſay; For that Perſon, who having an Enmity againſt another, cannot Coach it by his Door, but he muſt *lill* out his *Tongue* at him, ſhews a vaſt heat of Malice and paſſionate Fury in his Bowels, take it which way you pleaſe, either like one of *Lucan*'s *Menippus*'s, or, according to the natural Cuſtom of Birds and Beaſts in hot Weather. 'Tis an ill Sign that the ſame *Maligning Perſon*, ſitting in the ſame Church, at the ſame Service of God, over againſt the *Maligned Him*,

Him, ſhould be ſo unable to temper his Charity in the ſight of God, that he could not refrain from a Cough of Deriſion, like the *Calling* of *Quails*, or the *Jugging* of *Partridges*, to waken his drowſie Friends to a particular notice of the Rehearſal of the Ninth Commandment; as if the Timing of his Phlegmatick *Hem——Hems*——ſo particularly concerned his Oppoſite *Him*, that all the reſt of the Church were preſently bound to look up, and ſtare, upon his Phthyſical Alarms. Whereas, in truth, the Breach of the Commandment lies upon our *dear Conductor*'s ſide, to accuſe a Perſon about *Screws* and *Antipendiums*, that ſignifie no more, than if he had made the ſame noiſe, and bark'd with the ſame inveteracy, againſt the Moon. Tell me, my Beloved, where this Man's Charity lies, *in Podice Canis*, or *in anxietate Aſini?*

But I come now to another ſort of *Antipendium*, I mean the Play-houſe *Curtain*, that hangs before the Scenes. And this is ſometimes a *Comical*, ſometimes a *Tragical Antipendium*. Now I am apt to believe, that our *dear Conductor* meant his Conceit for a *Comical Antipendium*, as having a deſire to oblige the World with a little Mirth; to which purpoſe he made this *Comical Romance* of *Screws* and *Antipendiums*, *populo ut placerent quas ipſe fecit fabulas*. What ill luck it was he wanted Intelligence to compleat the Fable? 'Twas pity he had not heard of the *Smith*'s Wife in *Diſtaff-lane*, that was perſwaded to environ her ſelf with Back, Breaſt, and Head-piece, and follow her Husband to the Ale-houſe, like a St. *George* a Foot, or another *Penthesilea*: From whence he might have fram'd another ſtrange Story, of a Walking *Antipendium*, and have made three or four Prognoſticating *Obſervators* out of it.

Well, but you'll ſay, This is not the *Antipendium* which our *dear Conductor* meant —— However, do but hoiſe it up, and it preſently preſents you with a Sight. Firſt, Behold our *dear Conductor* ſitting in an Elbow-Chair, between *Circe* on the one ſide, and *Medea* on the other, who have each of them the Command of two great Fats, as big as Rheniſh-Wine Fats (You would think our *Conductor* Sutler-General of *England*, between his two Camp-Miſtreſſes of the Field) Theſe Fats contain a moſt pleaſing and intoxicating Potion, between *Circean*, *Medean*, and *Whore of Babylonian*, much of the ſame Brewing as *Ovid* deſcribes it,

Nec Mora: miſceri toſti jubet hordea grani
Mellaque, vimque meri, cum lacte coagula paſſo,
Quisque ſub hac lateant furtim dulcedine ſuccos
Adjicit.———————

About theſe *Fats* you ſhall ſee Multitudes of People preſſing, ſome for their Quarterns, ſome for their Half-quarterns, ſome for their Gills, which they have no ſooner drank off, but they fall into ſeveral ſorts of Frenzies and Ecſtaſies; ſome fall a Huzzaing, ſome curſe the *Whigs*, others damn the *Diſſenters*, another ſwears all Men are *Liars* but the *Obſervator*, another rails at *Ignoramus* Juries. And for the *Obſervator* himſelf, he ſeems to have taken a large *Doſe*; for he does nothing but rave againſt *Alderſgate-ſtreet*, *Throckmorton-ſtreet*; tells ye a hundred *Bedlam* Stories of *Screws* and *Antipendiums*, and *Vintners Boys*; the meer *gerræ* of a wounded Fancy. After this, you ſhall ſee two *Jeſuits* preſent him with an Inſtrument ready tun'd; upon which he falls a playing as if he were mad. Thereupon you ſhall preſently ſee the *Pope* his nown ſelf deſcending in a Chair of State, ſcrew'd together with *Braſs Screws*, to hear the Muſick of his Leſſons. He ſeems to be extremely pleas'd, nods his Head and ſmiles, and ſo having given him thanks for aſſiſting *Thompſon*, abuſing Dr. *Oates* and *Prance*, up he ſoars again out of ſight, and then down drops a Showr of Guineys, and down drops the *Antipendium*, and ſo the Shew ends.

And thus we come to another ſort of *Antipendium*, I mean, the Gaudy *Buſhes* that hang before your Entrances into the *Oracle of the Bottle*; a frequent Sign of the Habitation of a certain Commander called a *Captain*. True it is, that formerly *Bacchus* and *Mars*, tho they were near of kin, yet they were two diſtinct Perſons. *Mars* was a God both by the Father and Mothers Side, but *Bacchus* onely by the Fathers Side. *Juno* was *Mars*'s Mother; but *Bacchus*'s Mother was no other than *Cadmus*'s Daughter, whoſe Name was *Semele*. Yet this *Semele* was akin to *Juno* too, as being Great-grand-daughter to *Juno*'s Siſters Great-Aunts Couſin-Germain. I refer ye for the reſt to the *Heralds* Office. But now I think on't, you may ſpare your ſelves that trouble.

trouble. For, as you may read in *Ovid*'s *Metamorphoses*, or else in the most worthy *Ribadeneira*'s Volume of *Wonders*, in process of Time *Mars* and *Bacchus* were incorporated into one Person, called a *City-Captain*. The Reason you shall find in *Lucian*'s *Council of the Gods*. For they, in deep Consultation among themselves, wisely considering the vain, hot-headed, frantick, Hector-like, Humours of Mortals in their Wine, and what prejudice the Sons of *Semele* received, by breaking their Chairs, slashing their Hangings, mangling their Pictures, twisting their Silver Spoons, disfiguring their Tankards, throwing their Pots down Stairs, and kicking the young *Menades*, or Drawers, resolved, as I said before, to incorporate *Bacchus* and *Mars*, *Vintner* and *Captain*, into one, to enable them the better to quiet the Quarrels of such *Hectorean Lapithe*'s as should presume to invade their Liberties and Properties in their own peculiar Dominions.

These *Antipendiums* are of great consequence; for these are those *Antipendiums* that direct the Poet to those *Hippocrenes* of Sack and Claret that inspire him to write wanton Comedies, Tragick Raptures, and Pindarick Love-Verses. That guide the Melancholy where they may drown their Cares; the *Huzzaers*, where to *Huzzah*; the *Plotters*, where to *Consult*; the Men of Pleasure, where to Treat their debonnair Misses; Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, where to roar and swagger; and, in a word, where Men may dispatch all sorts of Business, settle Religion, order the State, but more especially throw off the troublesom Clog of their Estates, and gain the Appellation of *Good Common-wealths-men*, for increasing the Publick Revenue.

But now, my Beloved, I come to the Business, those *Antipendiums* of *Antipendiums*, the Female *Antipendiums*, the Ladies *Antipendiums*, the Mothers *Antipendiums*, the Daughters *Antipendiums*, the Mistresses *Antipendiums*, the Maids *Antipendiums*; *Antipendiums* without, *Antipendiums* within. As for example; there is first the Gold-fring'd and Silk-fring'd *Antipendium*, that brush the City Free-stone, and the Church-Pavement so clean, that Younger Prentices and Sextons have little to do: The Gorgeous *Antipendium*, so ponderously Fring'd and Lac'd, 'twould almost sprain a Mans Wrist to move it; so wondrous weighty, that many times they crack the Purse-strings that hoise 'em and

loar 'em, tho as big as ordinary Cables, while the gay Enchantreſs walks in her Circles of Gold and Silver, and bewitches all the World. Now, Beloved, behind this *Antipendium* is another *Antipendium*, and behind That, another: But then, Beloved, O then! What then? —— Oh! how I ſtretch, and yawn, and gape to think on't! Then appears the *Antipendium* indeed, the true, right, undeniable, Hyperbolical *Antipendium*, that hangs before thoſe *Arva Muliebria*, thoſe *Hortos Cupidinis*, as the Learned *Apuleius* hath it; That *Antipendium* which if it be but Lac'd, Emperours will ſtoop to raiſe it. This is that *Antipendium* which the Unlearned, the Illiterate, the People of *Long-lane* and *Wapping*, call a *Smock*. But now how highly, how infinitely is the Nation, the Whole Nation (for all Men, all Sects, all Opinions are now concern'd) how paſt all Retribution are they oblig'd to our *dear Conductor*, for this fine, clean, modeſt, neat, harmleſs, inoffenſive Word? The Ladies too are bound to give him eternal praiſe and honour. For now, never no more, never in this World, ſhall a *Smock* be call'd a *Smock*, but an *Antipendium*. Let the Word *Smock* be baniſh'd to the Skirts of the Suburbs, but let the Word *Antipendium* be the Darling of the *Engliſh* Tongue. How many ſerious Queſtions, which Manners, only Manners forbid before, may a Gentleman now ask his Miſtreſs concerning her *Antipendium*? A Lady may order her Servant to lay her out a clean *Antipendium*, tho there were twenty Gentlemen i' th' Room. Certainly if the Ladies and Gentlemen do not joyn together, and erect a Monument to our *dear Conductor*, for making known to the World this ſober, maidenly, baſhful, ſhamefac'd, mannerly Word, they will be very ungrateful, and never deſerve to have ſuch an *Obſervator* again. 'Tis a Word ſo modeſt, that the very *Quakers* may uſe it. This is that *Antipendium* to which the deſires of Rich and Poor, Lords and Peaſants, Young and Old, all tend, as to the Center of their Happineſs. For love of this *Antipendium* ſome Men hang, others drown, others poyſon themſelves. The Monks and Friars lick their Lips at it. The Jeſuit pulls off his four-ſquare Cap to it, very reverendly: Even his *Holineſs* himſelf will not diſdain to pay his Devotions to this *Antipendium*. Nay, more than all this, our *dear Conductor* admir'd one of theſe *Antipendiums* in his drooping

drooping Years; nor would he Court like a Common Mortal, but like another *Jupiter*, deceiv'd the Jealous *Acriſius*.

But now you'll ask me, What *Screws* are moſt proper to fix this *Antipendium*? Why, I muſt tell ye, your Golden and Silver *Screws* are very proper, and many times prevail exceedingly: but as the Caſe may happen, many times your *Braſs Screws*, that is, your boiſterous, ranting, tearing, confident *Screws*, of which Epithets *Braſs* is the general Emblem, and therefore for that Reaſon call'd metonymically *Braſs Screws*, are much more deſirable; inſomuch that there are ſeveral *Cleopatra*'s and *Meſſalina*'s of the Age, that had rather have two ſuch *Braſs Screws*, than two and forty Golden or Silver ones.

But here, my Beloved, let me give you a ſerious Caution. Sometimes it happens, that by vertue of a certain Figure called *Synechdoche*, the Part is taken for the Whole; that is, the *Antipendium* which covers, is taken for the *Vacuum* covered. So then, my Beloved, if at any time you find the *Antipendium* more diſpleaſing to your ſight, than the *Vacuum* which it conceals, I ſay, Beware your *Braſs Screws*. Have a care of ſuch an *Antipendium* as *Dejanira*'s was, that burnt *Hercules* alive. For ſometimes you ſhall meet with an *Antipendium* ſcalding with ſuch an *Etnean* Heat, as would even melt the *Rhodian Coloſſus*'s *Braſs Screw*, were they in being. I muſt confeſs, my Beloved, we our ſelves, I mean thoſe of our Long Robe, have a ſtrange fancy for theſe *Antipendiums*, inſomuch that you would ſwear, that a great part of the Tribe of *Levi* were turn'd Gentlemen-Uſhers. Which makes me admire that ſo many of our *Sommer-Divines* ſhould be ſo zealous for our *dear Conductor*, that would ſo fain once more ſubject them to the caſt-off Yoke of Antichriſt, who will not allow them the convenience of theſe *Antipendiums*, than which there is nothing in the World more delightful to them. I could here run into a prodigious Diſcourſe of the Conveniencies and Inconveniencies of theſe *Antipendiums*; but it behoves me to be guided by my Hour-glaſs, which is the Meaſure of your Patience.

Well then, by way of Application, the *Moral* of all this, is, to ſhew ye how zealous our *dear Conductor* has been to raiſe and improve a company of Tales and Romantick Stories of *Screws*

and

and *Antipendiums*, not at all for the Publick Good, but all in the ſilly and ſhammaking Juſtification of his own Ill-Conduct, not to call it worſe; tho to the utter ruine of one of the Chiefeſt and moſt Unblemiſhed Evidences of that damned Conſpiracy againſt the Life of his Sacred Prince, and the Subverſion of his Government. A moſt tranſcendent piece of Loyalty, and moſt highly deſerving the Fat of Veniſon among Boys and Prentices. Alas! there's no body denies the Act of making the *Braſs Screws* to a Popiſh Chappel *Antipendium*, which hangs before the High Altar upon High days; but that they were made without the Approbation and Knowledge of the Employers, is that which our *dear Conductor* would fallaciouſly impoſe upon the World, to prove that *Cain*'s taking the Sacrament, was more acceptable to God than *Abel*'s.

Oh, my Beloved, you blaſpheme our *dear Conductor*: Can he ſpeak an Untruth?——Why not?——For tho the *Virgin Mary* was ſo kind to *St. Dominic*, as to give him a Viſit from the *Celum Empyreum*, and to bring him the Confirmation of his Orders written with an Angels Pen, we do not hear that ever *St. Michael* brought our *dear Conductor* any Patent from Heaven to be *Truth-ſpeaker* General of *England*. And therefore 'tis a Preſumption and Arrogance in our *dear Conductor* to pretend to be the onely Utterer of Truth, unleſs he could prove his Aſſertions by better Proofs than the Flams of *Screws* and *Antipendiums*. 'Tis much he had never another Story of *Screws* and *Antipendiums* for Dr. *Fletcher*, who ſwore much more to the purpoſe than *Prance*. Of which two Perſons, when one of their Oaths is enough to render our *dear Conductor* ſuſpected, it is to me a wonder how he can have the Effronterie to defend the Intereſt of the Church of *England*; or the Church of *England* Men be ſo weak to own him for their Champion, which is the greateſt Scandal they now lie under. But 'tis obſervable, my Beloved, that when our *dear Conductor* is pinch'd, he preſently recoils under the Protection of *Loyalty*, and cries out with a loud Voice *Treaſon*, *Treaſon*, *Lies*, *Rebellion*, *Covenants*, *Aſſociations*, *&c.* like a Dog that ſnarles between his Maſters Legs. But, my Beloved, our *dear Conductor* is to underſtand, that there are Perſons in the World that will not come to *Sam*'s Coffee-houſe to learn what *Truth* or *Loyalty* is,

is, from such a *State-Pragmaticus* as his Worship. If he would know what *Loyalty* is, we will tell him, for once, from a much more Venerable Author than himself, writing to the present *Dolphin* of *France*: *After all that hath been said*, saith he, *we are to conclude, That if we would observe the inviolable, the vertuous Fidelity of Subjects, it behoves us to be obliged to our Lawful Prince by the same Ties that we are bound to God; that we reverence Kings as His Lieutenants, and His Living Images, the Ministers of His Justice, and the Organs of His Will. La Faussette, des Vertus Humaines, Tom.* 1. *pag.* 487. Let him deeply consider these Words, and make his best of 'em. 'Tis to be suppos'd, when he has conn'd 'em well, he will better distinguish between Loyalty to a Prince and his Government, and Compliance with a Parish-Ceremony, and recant his Heathenish Assertion of removing the *Dissent*. In the mean while, let not this *Shimei* of an *Observator* brandish his reproachful Pen against so many thousands of People, that make so great a Figure in the Nation; Persons that from the Peerage to the Tradesman share so large a Portion of the Kingdoms Wealth, and therefore not to be reflected upon, without considerate Meditation, and the Conviction of Legal Proofs. Reproach and Calumny will provoke the most patient and innocent of Men:

——*Vexat Censura Columbas.*

Therefore *Machiavil* himself abhors Incendiaries and Calumniators, as the Pests of a Commonwealth. He allows of Legal Accusation; *but*, saith he, *Calumnies are detestable, as not requiring Proof and Testimony; whereas Accusations, must be legally and judicially made apparent.* Let our *dear Conductor* accuse as much as he can; but let hm not revile, and tell idle Stories, and call his fraudulent and adulatory Assertions *Loyalty*, as if he thought he could convince the Nation, by disputing with himself. Which Admonition would he but observe, as the World would not be so intollerably pester'd with his loose Half-sheets, so he might have more leisure to think of retiring to the other World, which he once promised to do, but has most wickedly broke his Promise.

FINIS.